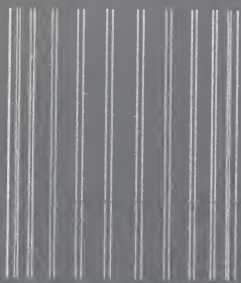


COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS



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Columbia Library Columns

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Wilfred Owen at Dunsden Vicarage in 1912.



COLUMBIA LIBRARY COLUMNS



Friends Among the Soldier Poets

KENNETH A. LOHF

“ONE morning at the beginning of August, when I had been at Craiglockhart War Hospital about a fortnight, there was a gentle knock on the door of my room and a young officer entered. Short, dark-haired, and shyly hesitant, he stood for a moment before coming across to the window, where I was sitting on my bed cleaning my golf clubs.” Siegfried Sassoon, the writer of this reminiscence published in *Siegfried’s Journey, 1916–1920* nearly thirty years after the event, was recalling his first meeting in 1917 with Wilfred Owen, an aspiring poet who had been on active service at the Front in the St. Quentin sector and who had been invalided home with shell-shock. Owen brought with him on this sunny morning several copies of *The Old Huntsman and Other Poems*, Sassoon’s first major book and his first collection of realistic war poems, and asked the older poet, now standing in the sun in his purple dressing gown, if he would inscribe them for himself and some of his friends. Sassoon’s reminiscence continues: “He spoke with a slight stammer, which was no unusual thing in that neurosis-pervaded hospital. My leisurely, commentative method in inscribing the books enabled him to feel more at home with me. He had a charming smile, and his manners—he stood at my elbow rather as though conferring with a superior officer—were modest and ingratiating.” Owen’s copy of

The Old Huntsman, simply inscribed, is now at the English Faculty Library at Oxford along with the rest of his working library.

Owen sent one of the copies of *The Old Huntsman* to his cousin, the poet Leslie Gunston, to whom he described Sassoon in a letter as "very tall and stately, with a fine chisel'd (how's that?) head, ordinary short brown hair." Then he added, "The general expression of his face is one of boredom." At the time of this first meeting Owen would have known Sassoon through his poems on the war which had a considerable impact on public opinion. Owen probably did not fully understand the circumstances by which Sassoon had been sent to Craiglockhart, a hospital built in the 1870s in a heavy Italianate style located in the western outskirts of Edinburgh. Opened in 1880 as the Craiglockhart Hydropathic Company, it became a military hospital, operated by the Red Cross, in the summer of 1916. Sassoon was sent there in mid-July 1917 on the recommendation of a Medical Board of the War Office before which fellow officer 2nd Lieutenant Robert Graves had testified that Sassoon, nicknamed "Mad Jack" by his men, suffered from hallucinations of a corpse-strewn Piccadilly and from shell-shock.

The facts of his "illness" were somewhat different. Six and a half years older than Owen, Sassoon was descended from a family of bankers, those "jewelled, merchant Ancestors," as he calls them in one of the poems in *The Old Huntsman*. Educated at Marlborough and Clare College, Cambridge, Sassoon enjoyed an almost ideal early life of hunting, cricket, golf and similar country pursuits which he chronicled in the first two volumes of his fictionalized autobiography, *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* and *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*. He never knew the burdens of choosing a career or of earning a living. Moving in literary circles, he published his first book of privately printed poems in 1906 when he was twenty years old, and he knew many of the celebrated writers of the day, including Edmund Gosse, Edward Marsh and Rupert Brooke. On the day that England declared war

on Germany, August 4, 1914, Sassoon was already in uniform, compelled equally by idealistic feelings and the need to find some purposeful employment. Commissioned a Lieutenant in the Royal Welch Fusiliers, he was sent to France where he showed great



Siegfried Sassoon on leave, 1916.

courage at Mametz Wood and at the Battle of the Somme. He was awarded the Military Cross for exceptional bravery in July 1916. But, when he was invalided back to England in April of the

following year with a “bullet-hole through my lung,” Sassoon’s attitude toward the war changed dramatically. The prolongation of the fighting, the enormous carnage and catastrophic destruction, the tragic deaths of the young and the fit—reflected in his poems at the time, “Suicide in the Trenches,” “The Death-Bed” and “The Last Meeting”—were the causes for his loss of belief in the purpose of the war. He also met Lady Ottoline Morrell and her husband Philip, a Member of Parliament known for his pacifist position, and at weekends at Garsington Manor Sassoon became friends with other influential pacifists in their circle, notably Bertrand Russell and Henry Massingham, editor of *The Nation*. Acting under the pressures of his observations and these influences, Sassoon made a statement, “an act of wilful defiance of military authority,” to his commanding officer which was reproduced in the press, and which read in part:

I believe that this war, upon which I entered as a war of defence and liberation, has now become a war of aggression and conquest. I believe that the purposes for which I and my fellow-soldiers entered upon this war should have been so clearly stated as to have made it impossible to change them, and that, had this been done, the objects which actuated us would now be attainable by negotiation. I have seen and endured the sufferings of the troops, and I can no longer be a party to these sufferings for ends which I believe to be evil and unjust. I am not protesting against the conduct of the war, but against the political errors and insincerities for which the fighting men are being sacrificed.

The protest received wide publicity in the press and became the subject of a question asked in the House of Commons. Sassoon was hoping for a court-martial that would focus national attention on his cause, but, largely because of Robert Graves’s intervention, the matter was treated not as a disciplinary matter but as a medical one, and Sassoon was sent by the War Office to Craiglockhart.

Owen’s background was quite different. His father, Tom Owen,

held various supervisory posts with the Great Western and London and North Eastern Railways, and his mother, Susan, a devout woman, brought up her eldest son to be a rather serious, religious, self-conscious boy. At the time of Wilfred's birth in 1893 the family was living at Plas Wilmot, a spacious and comfortable house in Oswestry, Shropshire, near the Welsh border, owned by the maternal grandfather, Edward Shaw, who had once been mayor of the city but who died virtually bankrupt. The family moved to a shabby house in Willmer Road, a "slummy street" according to Wilfred's brother Harold, in Birkenhead, where Wilfred attended the Institute and began to read the works of the classical English authors. He matriculated at the University of London in 1911 but did not attend classes because of the lack of funds. He finally accepted the unpaid post of lay assistant and pupil of the Reverend Herbert Wigan at Dunsden Vicarage, near Reading; but by the time he left Dunsden Vicarage early in 1913 he had given up the idea of taking orders, writing to his mother, "I have murdered my false creed. If a truer one exists, I shall find it."

Owen began writing poetry at age ten or eleven while he was attending the Technical School at Shrewsbury, where the family moved in the winter of 1906-1907. His school edition (1907) of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, also in the English Faculty Library at Oxford, has a pencil draft in his hand of a blank verse poem on the inside cover. His early admiration for Keats' poems and the influence of the romantic poet's sensuous imagery is apparent in Owen's earliest poems, "To Poesy" and "The Rivals," both written in 1910. Owen made a pilgrimage in April 1911 to the house in Teignmouth in which Keats had lived briefly in 1818, and in September 1911 to the house in Hampstead where Keats met Fanny Brawne and wrote some of his finest poems. He had also viewed "in subdued ecstasy" two books of Keats' manuscript poems in the British Museum open at "The Eve of St. Mark" and "Hyperion."

While at Dunsden Vicarage Owen attended botany classes at Reading University and continued to read and to write poetry. In August he was offered part-time employment as a teacher of English in the Berlitz School of Languages at Bordeaux, and the following July he became tutor to the cultivated Léger family. When war was declared Owen was in the Pyrenees as the guest of the Légers. Nearly two months later he visited a Bordeaux hospital for the wounded, and the human suffering forced him to think about the war. He wrote to his brother Harold: "One poor devil had his shin-bone crushed by a gun-carriage-wheel, and the doctor had to twist it about and push it like a piston to get out the pus. Another had a hole through the knee. . . . Another had a head into which a ball had entered and come out again. . . . Sometimes the feet were covered with a brown, scaly crust—dried blood. I deliberately tell you all this to educate you to the actualities of war." Owen was also learning to observe details sharply and realistically, qualities that would be central to the composition of his war poems. He returned to England in the spring of 1915, and, after some procrastination, enlisted in the Artists' Rifles on October 21. He took this step, it seems, not with any patriotic ardour, but as being in the best interests of his poetry. In a letter to his brother, Colin, he was soon complaining of "the fresh shock of discipline, cold, rough blankets and vile-tasting food."

After training as a cadet in the Artists' Rifles and attending Officers' School at Hare Hall Camp, Gidea Park, Essex, he was commissioned into the Manchester Regiment. At the end of December he sailed for France where he was attached to the Lancashire Fusiliers at Base Camp in Étaples. In the first days of January 1917 he joined the 2nd Manchesters on the Somme Battlefield where fierce fighting was in progress. Within a few days he was writing to "My own sweet Mother. . . . I have not been at the front. I have been in front of it. I held an advanced post, that is, a 'dug-out' in the middle of No Man's Land." And a few days later in another letter:

They want to call No Man's Land 'England' because we keep supremacy there. It is like the eternal place of gnashing teeth; the Slough of Despond could be contained in one of its crater-holes; the fires of Sodom and Gomorrah could not light a candle to it—to find the way to Babylon the Fallen. It is pock-marked like a body of foulest disease and its odour is the breath of cancer. I have not seen any dead. I have done worse. In the dank air I have *perceived* it, and in the darkness, *felt*. . . . No Man's Land under snow is like the face of the moon chaotic, crater-ridden, uninhabitable, awful, the abode of madness. To call it 'England'! I would as soon call my House (!) Krupp Villa, or my child Chlorina-Phosgena. . . . The people of England needn't hope. They must agitate. But they are not yet agitated even.

Owen and Sassoon were independently reaching the same conclusion concerning the insanity of the war. Equally important to the literary historian in these letters are the detailed descriptions, the indignation, the Biblical references and the sense of pity—all characteristics of his war poems.

On the night of March 11 Owen suffered a concussion as a result of a fall into a cellar or shell-hole at Le Quesnoy-en-Santerre. Intense fighting at Selency, St. Quentin, Savy Wood and Quivères left Owen shaky, tremulous and confused, and in no condition to command troops, according to his Commanding Officer, Lt.-Colonel Luxmoore. On May 2 he wrote to his mother, "The Doctor suddenly was moved to forbid me to go into action next time the Battalion go, which will be in a day or two. I did not go sick or anything, but he is nervous about my nerves, and sent me down yesterday—labelled Neurasthenia. I still of course suffer from the headaches traceable to my concussion . . . in Action I bear a charmed life and none of woman born can hurt me, as regards flesh and bone, yet my nerves have not come out without a scratch." The opening stanzas of "Exposure," written in February of 1917, poignantly portray Owen's state of mind at the time:

Our brains ache, in the merciless iced east winds that knive us . . .
Wearied we keep awake because the night is silent . . .
Low, drooping flares confuse our memory of the salient . . .
Worried by silence, sentries whisper, curious, nervous,
 But nothing happens.

Watching, we hear the mad gusts tugging on the wire,
Like twitching agonies of men among its brambles.
Northward, incessantly, the flickering gunnery rumbles,
Far off, like a dull rumour of some other war.
 What are we doing here?

He was invalided home with shell-shock and arrived at Craiglockhart War Hospital on June 26, 1917, nearly a month before Sassoon arrived.

The Old Huntsman had just been published by Heinemann in London, and Owen read and was moved by Sassoon's vivid and unsentimental poems about the war. He wrote to his mother on August 15:

I have just been reading Siegfried Sassoon, and feeling at a very high pitch of emotion. Nothing like his trench life sketches has ever been written or ever will be written. Shakespeare reads vapid after these. Not of course because Sassoon is a greater artist, but because of the subjects, I mean. I think if I had the choice of making friends with Tennyson or with Sassoon I should go to Sassoon.

Owen finally found the courage to introduce himself to Sassoon, and at their first meeting Owen confessed shyly that he was also a writer of verse though he had not yet published a single poem. In *Siegfried's Journey* Sassoon recalled his reaction to the visitor: "I wondered whether his poems were any good! He had seemed an interesting little chap but had not struck me as remarkable. In fact my first view of him was as a rather ordinary young man, perceptibly provincial, though unobtrusively ardent in his responses to my lordly dictums about poetry." However, Sassoon was delighted to know that there was another poet at this lonely hospital,

The HYDRA

Journal of the Craiglockhart War Hospital

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H. & J. Pillay & Wilson, Printers, Edinburgh.

This issue of *The Hydra*, edited by Owen, includes his poem "Song of Songs" and Sassoon's poem "Dreamers."

and especially a novice poet who admired his writing with such keen devotion.

The effect of the meeting on Owen was to be far-reaching. Owen's *annus mirabilis* as a war poet, during which he composed more than thirty major poems, dates from the month of that meeting. Perhaps Owen's poetry was not in any way transformed by the event and the aftermath—he had already begun to write in his mature style—but Sassoon's example of the poetic career and his encouragement were of considerable help to the young poet in confirming his own hopes for a writing career. Owen soon brought a sheaf of poems to Sassoon, and Owen wrote to his mother describing Sassoon's reaction as "applauding some of it long and fervently" and pronouncing one of the lyrics, "Song of Songs," as "perfect work, absolutely charming." The cautious Sassoon remembered his reactions at the time as somewhat less ecstatic, having been shown some of the manuscripts after playing "thirty-six holes of golf" and consuming "a stodgy hospital dinner." Sassoon criticized the over-lucious imagery, the unrefined emotion and the sweet sentiment of the early work, but when in October Owen brought to him the manuscript of "Anthem for Doomed Youth" the older poet, who by this time had become his close friend, realized that Owen was much more than a promising minor poet. This new sonnet was a revelation:

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?

Only the monstrous anger of the guns.

Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle

Can patter out their hasty orisons.

No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells,

Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—

The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;

And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?

Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes

Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.

The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;

Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

Sassoon made a few suggestions as to individual words, but he was enormously impressed by the poem's "sumptuous epithets and large-scale imagery, its noble naturalness and depth of meaning," and found in it "impressive affinities with Keats." Although not published during Owen's lifetime, "Anthem" was eventually added to *Palgrave's Golden Treasury* and was set to music by Benjamin Britten in his *War Requiem*. Sassoon's instincts and his early praise were not unjustified.

During the four months at Craiglockhart Owen's nerves were gradually restored to serenity. He edited *The Hydra*, the fortnightly hospital magazine, and in the September 1st issue appeared his first published poem, "Song of Songs," a twelve-line lyric related to the manner of his juvenilia, but which is of interest because of Owen's use of half-rhyme, a technique which he will continue to develop with considerable effectiveness. Owen as editor also published two of Sassoon's poems in the September 15th and November 1st issues. Owen was also an active member of the Field Club (a natural history society), and lectured at the October 1st meeting on "the classification of soils, soil air, soil water, root absorption and fertility," subjects which had interested him since his schooldays.

Owen was discharged from Craiglockhart at the end of October, 1917, and at a farewell dinner at the quiet Conservative Club in Edinburgh Sassoon handed Owen a sealed letter that contained a £10 note and the address of Robert Ross, a patron of young writers and one of the most popular literary men in London. During the coming months Owen was to meet at Ross's home in Half Moon Street such celebrated writers as Arnold Bennett, Osbert Sitwell and H. G. Wells.

Owen and Sassoon met on only one other occasion—in mid-August 1918 in the American Women's Hospital in Lancaster Gate, overlooking Hyde Park, where Sassoon had been sent after

being shot in the head by one of his own Non-Commissioned Officers, having been mistaken for a German as he returned from a dawn patrol at the Front. However, the two poets had corresponded after leaving Craiglockhart, and continued to do so during this final year of Owen's life. Seven of the letters written by Owen to Sassoon, all that have survived, are in the Owen Collection at Columbia's Rare Book and Manuscript Library. The first letter, dated November 5, 1917, was sent from the family's home in Shrewsbury, and Owen confesses, "I held you as Keats + Christ + Elijah + my Colonel + my father-confessor + Amenophis IV in profile. . . . And you have *fixed* my life—however short. You did not light me: I was always a mad comet; but you have fixed me. I spun round you a satellite for a month, but I shall swing out soon, a dark star in the orbit where you will blaze." In addition to confirming Sassoon's position of honor, the letter indicates the state of the poet's mind at the time. A week later he went to London where he lunched and dined with Ross and his friends, and visited once again Harold Monro at the Poetry Bookshop, where he read through *Fairies and Fusiliers*, Graves's second book of war poems, copies of which had actually been delivered from the printer while Owen was in the shop. On November 27 from Scarborough, where he had reported to the 5th Manchester, he sent Sassoon a poem, "the last piece from Craiglockhart," entitled "Soldier's Dream"; and on December 6 an early version of "*À Terre*," entitled "Wild with all Regrets," a poem about an officer dying of wounds in which Owen again makes use of half-rhyme, a technique employed to its fullest in "Strange Meeting" (escaped/scooped; groined/groaned), most often considered the author's masterpiece.

Late in August 1918 Owen again returned to France, his last Channel crossing. Upon arriving at Base Camp in Étaples he wrote to Sassoon: "I have been incoherent ever since I tried to say good-bye on the steps of Lancaster Gate. But everything is clear now: & I'm in hasty retreat towards the Front. Battle is easier here; and

therefore you will stay and endure old men & women to the End, and wage the bitterer war and more hopeless." Owen was of course referring to the great cleavage in attitude toward the war that had developed between the soldier at the Front and the ci-

Spring Offensive.

Halted against the shade of a last hill
They fed, and eased of pack-loads, were at ease;
And leaning on the nearest chest or knee
Cautiously slept.

But many there stood still
To face the stark blank sky beyond the ridge,
Knowing their feet had come to the end of the world.
Marvelling they stood, and watched the long grass swivel
By the May breeze, murmurous with wasp & midge;
And though the summer oozed into their veins
Like an injected drug for their bodies' pains,
Sharp on their souls hung the imminent ridge ^{grass} of ^h,
Fearfully flashed the sky's mysterious glass.

Hour after hour they ponder the warm field
And the far valley behind where buttercups
Had blessed with gold their slow boots coming up;
Now even the little brambles would not yield
But clutched & clung to them like sorrowing arms.

P. T. C.

Draft of Owen's poem, "Spring Offensive," which he enclosed in his September 22, 1918, letter to Sassoon.

vilian at home, between the desire to negotiate an end to the conflict and the continuing call to fight to the final German defeat, between the brutal conditions on the battlefield and the smugness on the home front.

The letter of September 22 has a more desperate tone: "You said

it would be a good thing for my poetry if I went back. That is my consolation for feeling a fool. This is what shells scream at me every time: Haven't you got the wits to keep out of this?" Owen ends the letter with "O Siegfried, make them stop!" recalling "O Jesus, make it stop!" the concluding line of Sassoon's poem "Attack" (published in 1918 in *Counter-Attack and Other Poems*, his most powerful collection of antiwar poetry). Owen enclosed in this letter the manuscripts of two poems on which he had been working: a draft entitled "The Blind" (altered by Sassoon to "The Sentry" when published), a terrifying and bitter poem of a sentry blown down into a dug-out and blinded; and a draft of the first eighteen lines of "Spring Offensive" on the verso of which Owen asks, "Is this worth going on with?" Though the friends were separated, Owen still regarded Sassoon as his mentor.

There is a quality of resignation in the final letter, that of October 10:

Your letter reached me at the exact moment it was most needed—when we had come far enough out of the line to feel the misery of billets; and I had been seized with writers cramp after making out my casualty reports.

The Batt. had a sheer time last week. I can find no better epithet: because I cannot say I suffered anything; having let my brain grow dull: That is to say my nerves are in perfect order.

It is a strange truth: that your *Counter-Attack* frightened me much more than the real one: though the boy by my side, shot through the head, lay on top of me, soaking my shoulder, for half an hour.

Catalogue? Photograph? Can you photograph the crimson-hot iron as it cools from the smelting? That is what Jones's blood looked like, and felt like. My senses are charred.

The intimacy of death had transformed Owen's pity into a religious experience.

During the last two months of his life Owen served once again with the 2nd Manchesters. The first attack in which he took part was on the Beaurevoir-Fonsomme line, near Corbie on the

River Ancre. The attack was successful but costly, and the only survivors were Owen and another officer, Lt. J. Foulkes, who recounted the poet's final days. Owen became Company Commander and was awarded the Military Cross for his part in the



The Sambre and Oise Canal where Owen was shot and killed on November 4, 1918, a week before the Armistice.

successful attack. The 2nd Manchesters, along with other units, were ordered to attack over and beyond the Sambre and Oise Canal, north of Ors; and on the morning of November 4 Owen led his platoon to the west bank over dark wet fields while the artillery shelled the German positions on the east bank. The Germans meanwhile kept up a scorching fire from their machine-gun and artillery positions, destroying the bridge and the engineers who were attempting to repair it. Owen was assisting with some planks, and encouraging his men, patting them on the shoulders, saying "Well done" and "You're doing very well, my boy," when

he was hit at the water's edge and killed. Seven days later the War was over.

Sassoon was to continue in the role of literary adviser even after Owen's death. During his lifetime Owen saw the publication of only four of his poems in periodicals. The 1919 volume of *Wheels*, an annual miscellany of contemporary poetry founded and edited by Edith Sitwell with the assistance of her brother Osbert, was dedicated to Owen's memory, and printed seven additional war poems. Owen's manuscripts passed into the hands of his mother who acted as his literary executor; and, in accordance with Wilfred's wishes, she destroyed some of the manuscripts and made the remainder available to Sassoon and Edith Sitwell who prepared the first selection of the poems to be published in book form in 1920, possibly the most enduring of all the volumes of war poems ever published.

In the final months of his life Owen began to plan an edition of his poems and drafted a brief preface, of which the final lines summarize his feelings toward his own writings: "My subject is War, and the pity of War. The Poetry is in the Pity. Yet these elegies are to this generation in no sense consolatory. They may be to the next. All a poet can do today is warn. That is why the true Poets must be truthful." Owen was not addressing his poems to the generation which he thought was keeping the war alive, the arm-chair soldiers at home, but to a future generation which he hoped would find his exposure of the pity of war disturbing to its indifference. Owen's poems and those written by Sassoon, along with the work of others of that tragic generation of British soldier poets—a generation that included Edmund Blunden, Rupert Brooke, Robert Graves, Julian Grenfell, Ivor Gurney, Herbert Read, Isaac Rosenberg and Charles Hamilton Sorley—continue to move and to enlighten the reader long after the events and catastrophes from which they sprang have ceased.

The American Red Cross in Revolutionary Russia

STEPHEN D. CORRSIN

AMERICAN policy towards and contacts with Russia in 1917-18 present a fascinating story, bound up with the World War, the two Russian revolutions of March and November 1917 and the subsequent Russian Civil War, and the Allied interventions in Russia. The American Red Cross played a major role in American contacts with Russia in these years, through its Mission there. The Bakhmeteff Archive of Russian and East European History and Culture has two collections which shed considerable light on this Mission. These are the papers of two New York lawyers, Thomas D. Thacher (1881-1950) and Allen Wardwell (1873-1953), both of whom served in responsible positions in the Mission. Wardwell's diaries, and the correspondence and photograph collections of both men, are particularly valuable.

The Mission, twenty-six members strong, was headed at first by Frank Billings, a professor at the University of Chicago. Its members were of two sorts: doctors and scientists, such as Billings and Henry C. Sherman, a professor at Columbia; and non-specialists, such as Thacher and Wardwell. The Mission was by no means a purely Red Cross effort. Its members were given military rank and American army uniforms; the second-in-command, Wall Street financier William Boyce Thompson, bankrolled the operation. The Mission was one of many—some said too many—American groups which went to Russia in 1917. The various groups and individuals went for a wide range of reasons: curiosity; sympathy for what appeared to be at first a democratic revolution (this was the first, March revolution); humanitarian goals; and the desire to

see that Russia stayed in the war against the Central Powers, which the United States had just entered.

The Mission arrived in Vladivostok on Russia's Pacific coast on July 26, 1917. Its last members left Russia via Finland on October 17, 1918. In the space of fifteen months, besides organizing supply and relief efforts, the Mission's members found themselves caught up in the often incomprehensible and threatening swirl of Russian politics.

The train ride from Vladivostok across Siberia to Petrograd (formerly St. Petersburg, subsequently Leningrad) took almost two weeks; Wardwell commented in a letter home that the "war seemed far away." Arriving in Petrograd in early August, the Mission found that war and revolution had thoroughly disorganized and demoralized the capital. As yet, food and other necessities were not in short supply; the problem was that it had become almost impossible to bring the supplies and the needy people together. Wardwell noted: "I don't imagine that the organization here was ever very efficient, in fact we find that their facility for working at cross-purposes dates far back and seems to be characteristic, but since the [March] Revolution confusion has been greatly increased." The breakdown of the transport system was a key part of the general collapse, and also a symbol of it: "No one ever seems to have much idea of what is going to happen on a Russian train. It goes when it pleases, and arrives when it will."

Despite such obstacles, the members of the Mission plunged into the work of distributing supplies and trying to get Russian agencies to cooperate with one another. A few members of the Mission also took part in more extracurricular activities, Thompson in particular. He became closely identified with the moderate socialists who dominated the Provisional Government, and also spent his money lavishly, buying up art and even the dogs of the deposed Tsar.

In September, Thompson became head of the Mission, replacing Billings, who left in anger, feeling that he was being exploited

as a non-political front for Thompson and his associate Raymond Robins. These latter two saw themselves as unofficial emissaries of the American government, not only as Red Cross workers, and became deeply involved in Russian politics. Thompson in turn



Allen Wardwell (second from right), Raymond Robins (second from left) and other members of the American Red Cross Mission to Russia, photographed in Petrograd in 1917.

left shortly after the Bolshevik Revolution in early November. He was succeeded by Robins, a midwestern progressive and evangelist who was described by diplomat and scholar George F. Kennan, in his studies of American-Russian relations, as “a character out of Jack London.”

Wardwell, meanwhile, spent November in Romania, trying to make the Red Cross efforts there more effective. He therefore missed the Bolshevik coup of November 7 in Petrograd. Strange rumors, however, filtered through to Romania; on November 11, for example, the story circulated that “Kerensky [last head of the

Provisional Government overthrown by the Bolsheviks] has entered Petrograd with complete success and is in full power." The truth was just the opposite. In an almost bloodless *coup d'état*, the Bolsheviks, led by Vladimir Lenin and Lev Trotsky, had taken control of Petrograd; their victory in Moscow was more sanguinary. Wardwell returned to Petrograd in early December. On both legs of his journey, the mobs of Russian soldiers formed a constant and threatening backdrop. In the course of 1917, this huge army had degenerated into an armed and undisciplined horde, filled with hatred towards anyone in an officer's uniform. The implied threat which existed as a result of this omnipresent mob never became, fortunately, immediate or direct for the members of the Red Cross Mission.

In the period when it was headed by Robins (November to May) the Mission was a source of controversy among Americans. This was caused by Robins' somewhat accidental role as semi-official American contact with the Bolshevik government. The major Allied governments—France, England, Japan, and the United States—did not trust the Bolsheviks and were particularly angered when Russia withdrew from the war in early 1918. Robins, however, felt that it was still possible to keep Russia from German domination; but that to do this it would be necessary to work with the Bolshevik government. He established fairly good working relationships with such leaders as Lenin and Trotsky. However, he generally had to rely on his own judgment, because American governmental policy was vague and contradictory. After his return to the United States, he found himself accused of being a Bolshevik sympathizer and came under attack from many quarters.

In January and again in February 1918 Robins sent Wardwell to the far northern port of Murmansk, to organize the shipping of Red Cross supplies from that city to Petrograd. Murmansk had become Russia's lifeline to the west. By this time it had also become the home for many Russians and foreigners alike, trying to get out of Russia. Wardwell wrote:

We have nearly every nationality here now—it is a queer conglomerate crowd. There are French, Italian, English, a few Americans, Russians, Roumanians, Czechs, and with the Chinese working on the railway and the Greeks and Finns with us, we are well represented. There are Germans and Austrian prisoners not far down the line and every day or two some Lapps come in to town to trade . . . There are French officers and men, some Italian singers who bellow all day in their car and once in a while sing in front of it in true operatic style with all the approved gestures. There is a famous singer of gypsy songs, a number of Russian aviators trying to sneak out of Russia to America, a Russian professor of mathematics, with all kinds of letters permitting him to go to America, who, with his assistants bribed someone in Petrograd to the tune of 1500 rubles, for the privilege of riding in an ordinary box car five or six days to Murmansk, and living in it while here.

While Wardwell was in Murmansk he was joined by Thacher, who, because of his father's illness, was returning to America. Upon his return, Thacher presented his views on Russia to various important people. Among these were Felix Frankfurter and Louis Brandeis, then respectively assistant to the Secretary of War and associate justice of the Supreme Court. They responded very positively to Thacher. On May 15th Frankfurter wrote to him:

I wish I could make you realize the persuasive lucidity of your statement on the Russian situation. One cannot listen to you as Brandeis and I listened without knowing that your analysis of the facts is correct and recommendation as to the actions demanded by such is wise. Would that one might move those who have the power to see with your eyes and to move in the direction of your thought and to move at once.

I hope that you won't mind my saying that not only do I regard the work that you are doing now as one of great service in a most difficult field but I am personally very proud of the share that you are taking.

In June 1918, Thacher published a pamphlet, *Russia and the War*, stating his views. His main concern was preventing the Cen-

tral Powers from gaining control of Russia. This did, indeed, appear to be a real threat. The Brest-Litovsk treaty between Russia and the Central Powers placed large areas of the former Russian Empire under German and Hapsburg control. While Germany



Warehouse of the American Red Cross Mission, Petrograd,
winter of 1917-1918.

and Austria-Hungary would soon collapse, their exhaustion was as yet not evident to outside observers.

Thacher stated that, "The Soviet government—which does not mean the Bolsheviki—is the only internal organization through which the Allies can aid Russia in opposing German domination and control." Thacher saw the local Soviets—self-appointed or elected councils of workers, peasants, soldiers, and members of radical political groups—as basically democratic bodies, and felt that while the urban-based, extremist Bolsheviks now seemed dominant, they would probably eventually be supplanted by less extreme peasant groups. As for immediate action, Thacher opposed Allied military intervention, because it would very likely

drive Russia into the German embrace. "Since the Allies are not in a position to utilize their own forces in Russia against Germany, German effort must be opposed through the Soviet government, which is the strongest internal force available for this purpose." Thacher also proposed major economic aid be sent to Russia immediately.

Thacher was wrong in feeling that peasant opposition would eventually oust the Bolsheviks. However, he was right as concerns Allied intervention, which had actually already begun by the time Thacher left Russia. It was a futile effort that added to Bolshevik xenophobia, won no concrete benefits for the Allies, and has been for more than six decades grist for the Soviet propaganda mills. As for the threat of German domination of Russia, it soon became a moot point; the Central Powers collapsed and surrendered in the fall of 1918.

Thacher's pamphlet was distributed among various important Americans, and judging from his correspondence files, was well received. However, President Wilson declined to see him, Colonel House was non-committal, and Secretary of State Lansing was sharply opposed to his views. By August, Thacher and Frankfurter had exchanged despairing letters, Frankfurter writing, "I still have hopes, but I confess my hopes are much paler than before."

Many Americans, of course, did not believe that it would be possible to work with Soviet Russia, especially as the Bolsheviks took increasingly firm control of Russia and the first great "red scare" hit the United States. Raymond Robins in particular was accused of being a Bolshevik agent. In one angry letter to the *New York Times* in 1920, for example, Robins cited "such absurdly false and hearsay statements as that of Professor Milyoukoff [Pavel Miliukov, leading Russian historian and anti-Bolshevik], to the effect that I brought out of Russia a carload of platinum to finance a world revolution."

Back in Russia in mid-1918, the chaos was deepening, with hunger and disease beginning to strike harder, and the terror imposed

by the Bolshevik government harsher. In May, Robins left for America, and Wardwell took command of what remained of the Mission; most of the supplies had been used up and most of the members had returned home. Still, Wardwell stayed to do what-



Food line in Moscow, 1918.

ever might be done, and, so to speak, to keep the flag flying. The next few months were busy ones for him, including meetings with Trotsky, Lenin, and other Bolshevik luminaries. In the summer, as Allied intervention increased, the Russian chaos worsened. The enemies of the Bolsheviks began to take the offensive in various parts of Russia, while Bolshevik xenophobia deepened. In early August, many English and French were arrested in Moscow; Americans were largely left alone, apparently because the American government was much more hesitant about intervention than its allies were, and perhaps because the United States, in the Bolshevik demonology, was as yet less wicked than England or France. At the end of August, Lenin was almost killed by an

assassin, and the terror began in earnest; hundreds of real or suspected opponents of the Bolsheviks were shot out of hand in Petrograd and Moscow. The situation of the foreigners there became ever more dangerous; most had left or were now preparing to leave. One who had been arrested, British diplomat R. H. Bruce Lockhart (who was later portrayed by Leslie Howard in the movie *British Agent*), recalled in his memoirs that, "Wardwell, the American, had been heroic. He had wrung concessions from the Bolsheviks. Daily he had fed all the prisoners. . . ."

Wardwell could not wind up the Mission and leave until mid-October, due to the illness of one of his assistants. Another American who waited almost as long to leave, DeWitt Poole, Consul in Moscow, got over the Finnish border a few minutes before an order for his arrest arrived. Wardwell's departure with his remaining assistants was rather more anticlimatic, but must have seemed a fitting conclusion to his adventures: "I paid 600 rubles to have our luggage taken to the middle of a little bridge over the stream which marked the border—only a few rods. Here we waited for some time, then they let Miss Kean and Andrews through and some husky Finns carried Andrews off in the stretcher. Davidson and I waited nearly an hour and a half with the baggage in No Man's Land, with the gates shut on both sides. Finally we got away. . . ."

The American Red Cross report on war efforts noted pithily that in Russia, "because of the disorganized state of the country, it was impossible to carry out the full original plan" of aid. The usually positive Wardwell expressed the depression and weariness that many members of the Mission must have felt about their efforts when he wrote, while in Murmansk in March, in his diary, "It has all been so different from what we expected; instead of definite relief work, with plenty of activity all the time, there has been this succession of upsets in Russia, changes in policy, long periods of waiting and then sudden surprises." In this Wardwell was, no doubt, understating the case.

Melting Pot Mayor

William Russell Grace and the Elections of 1880

LAWRENCE A. CLAYTON

TO the *New York Herald* on October 30, 1880, the issue was clear. Vote for William Russell Grace for mayor and destroy free government by allowing the Roman Catholic Church into American politics. It was a pure and simple appeal to ancient religious prejudices, and it failed. William R. Grace was not only elected Mayor of New York in 1880, he was re-elected in 1884. Furthermore, Grace was foreign-born, making him twice suspect by Americans still very much imbued—or at least persuaded—by religious zealotry and chauvinistic nativism.

Grace's election marked a watershed in New York's and the nation's history. His rather spectacular rise from a minor Irish-American merchant, at home among the hurly burly of the tall ships on South Street, to the mayoralty of his adopted city, is revealed in splendid detail by the rich collection of papers recently donated by the W. R. Grace & Co. to the Rare Book and Manuscript Library. The correspondence in the collection from Grace's period as mayor forms one of the most complete records of a reform administration when reform was barely on the horizon of political activists. Coincidentally, the most dynamic reformer of them all, Theodore Roosevelt, was elected to his first term as a State Assemblyman in the fall of 1881, presaging his rise to influence among the gathering forces of integrity, honesty and independence in government. He would discover a good ally in the diminutive, forty-nine year old Grace, also committed to the same ideals.

The campaign of 1880—unlike those a century later—was short and intense. If the issues were as murky then as now, the person-

ality and background of Grace was enough to attract bolts of thunder from both his supporters and detractors.

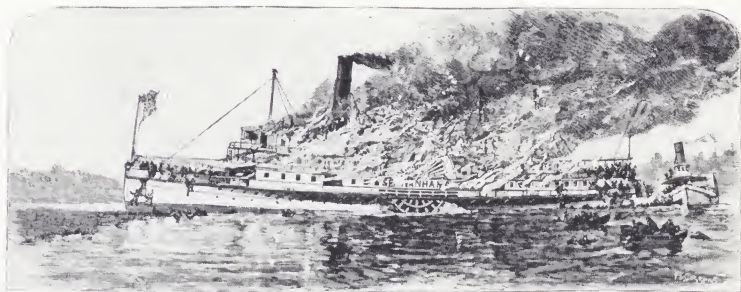
Born in Ireland in 1832, Grace emigrated from the Emerald Isle at the ripe old age of fourteen, driven from his homeland by the



William Russell Grace in 1884 at the time of his election to a second term as Mayor of New York City.

bad times of the potato famine and his natural wanderlust. He first landed in New York and worked at odd jobs for a living a year or two before returning home via Cuba. In 1851 Grace again shipped out to the Americas, this time stepping ashore at the port of Callao in Peru where he began an entrepreneurial odyssey of Horatio Alger proportions. Grace made a small fortune in the import-export business—especially in servicing the large fleets taking on cargoes of guano on the Chincha Islands off the Peruvian coast—and returned to New York in 1866, with a wife from Maine and the beginnings of their future family.

He continued expanding his firm's trade with Latin America, diversifying his interests to include railroad building, sugar plantations, and ample investments in marine insurance, ship chartering, and the like. By 1879 he was a millionaire. By then his naturally



Grace and his wife were passengers on the steamer *Sewanbaka* when it exploded on a summer day in 1880 and was beached on Randall's Island.

gregarious nature and enthusiasm for organization were also drawing him into politics.

In the summer of 1880 Grace jumped squarely onto the center stage of national politics. He managed a hard and fast campaign for his friend Judge Calvin Pratt of Brooklyn for the office of nothing less than the Presidency of the United States. Grace was stymied only on the very eve of the convention vote by the bizarre revelation that Pratt had accepted supreme unction from a priest on a Civil War battlefield. Pratt survived his wounds, but not the tale of this brief intimacy with Roman Catholicism. The boomlet burst, Grace writing on July 8 to J. H. Rossiter, a friend in California, after Pratt had withdrawn, that "I think you will join me in saying it was wise; no matter what individuals may say or think, this country is not prepared to see a R.C. President." Was New York ready for an "R.C." mayor?

Although exhausted by his campaign on behalf of Pratt—eventually it was General Winfield Scott Hancock who was nominated—the heady lure of running for a major political office firmly

gripped Grace that summer of 1880. A steamboat accident in June propelled him into the limelight.

While commuting from Long Island to Manhattan aboard the *Sewanhaka* on a pleasant summer day with about 350 fellow tra-



Grace's reputation as a reform mayor grew during his second term, as seen in this cartoon from the December 5, 1885, issue of *The Judge*.

velers, the boiler exploded and panic ensued as the captain drove the steamer on in an effort to beach it at Randall's Island. William and his wife Lillius coolly directed passengers into life vests, over the side, and maintained discipline among people driven by fear. The Graces themselves only escaped at the last moment. They became instant heroes to the New York press. Earlier work by Grace on behalf of Irish relief efforts had already exposed him

to a large segment of the public as a man of good will, organization, and conscience. Added to this image was now the man of courage and action.

In October the two major Democratic organizations, Irving Hall and Tammany Hall, called a truce to try and settle on a compromise candidate to nominate against the putative common foe, the Republicans. The feuding Democrats decided on the following procedure. Irving Hall would draw up a slate of acceptable nominees, and Tammany would pick from the lot. "Honest John" Kelly, Tammany's regnant boss, selected Grace's name from among the eleven. Charges of duplicity, anguish, and congratulations flew about for a few days between the ever factionalized Democrats, but Grace's name stood as the nominee. He was soon ducking brickbats from the anti-papists and one hundred percent Americans who challenged Grace's Catholicism and questioned the authenticity of his naturalization.

The religious issue hinged on education. How would Grace handle the funds and powers the mayor possessed to administer the free, public, *and* secular education offered in the city schools? The Republicans were fairly certain of the outcome, as quoted in the *New York Herald* on October 30: "It is proposed at the coming election to place these public schools under the absolute control of one sect which had for centuries held, and still holds, an indefensible dogma that all education should be sectarian."

Grace had already stated his position with restraint on October 24 in the *New York Herald*: "In any appointment which I may have to make in connection with our school management, I shall not fail to give full and proper recognition to the prevailing American sentiment in this regard." His first major appointment to the Board after election was a very prominent and well respected citizen, William Wood, who also was a most ardent Scotch Presbyterian.

Grace's nationality and, by implication, his commitment to American ideals and the nation itself were called into question.

That he was Irish-born was not the issue, but rather whether he had been naturalized. Naturalization papers were finally produced and by the first of November he had been issued a duplicate set. Grace later regretted having been pushed to such a dramatic re-



India House on Hanover Square was the headquarters of W. R. Grace & Co. from 1885 to 1913.

sponse, but in the pell mell of a campaign, one's tactics frequently cannot be reflected upon at any great length. The entire campaign, from nomination to election, was less than four weeks long. Surely, in this age of four *year* campaigns, the good old days should not be dismissed cynically.

On the eve of the election the *New York Tribune*, edited by

Whitlaw Reid, accused Grace of gross improprieties and fraud in certain marine insurance cases involving American ships in Peru. Grace was eventually exonerated of any wrongdoing after the election. When New Yorkers went to the polls on Tuesday November 2, however, Grace was still fighting the charges.

His initiation into the intricacies and demands of a major American political campaign while promoting his friend Judge Pratt had been wearying and somewhat disappointing. His personal campaign for mayor was bruising and tough.

Grace won by a slender margin of less than 3000 votes out of the 200,000 cast. Hancock lost the presidential sweepstakes to James A. Garfield, and most political observers figured the divisive mayoralty election of New York lost that state for Hancock. Without New York, Hancock lost the nation, bringing to mind the ancient limerick, "for want of a nail, the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe, the horse was lost, and for want of a horse, the rider was lost. . . ." Be that as it may, whether the domino theory worked its deviltry on the Democratic national aspirations in 1880 cannot be proved or debunked.

William Grace, however, was elected chief magistrate of New York and went on to serve with a reformist, independent elan that thoroughly antagonized Tammany Hall and Honest John Kelly. As the *New York Evening Post* editorialized on December 30, 1882, at the end of Grace's first term in office: "it is no small praise of a public man in this city to say that he has earned the cordial hatred of Tammany Hall. This achievement alone on the part of one who, before his election, was supposed to be in close alliance with the faction, would account for the popular reaction in favor of Mayor Grace."

Our Growing Collections

KENNETH A. LOHF

Appleton gift. Four works in the history of theatre and drama have been presented by Professor William W. Appleton (A.M., 1940; Ph.D., 1949): Thomas Davies, *Dramatic Micellanies* [sic]: *Consisting of Critical Observations on Several Plays of Shakespeare*, London, 1783-1784, 3 volumes; David Garrick, *The Poetical Works*, London, 1785, 2 volumes; *The Complete Works of Thomas Shadwell*, London, 1927, one of 90 numbered copies on Kelmscott handmade paper signed by the editor, Montague Summers; Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, *Ion: A Tragedy in Five Acts*, London [1835], presentation copy inscribed by the author to Lord Abinger, and with an autograph letter from Talfourd to the Earl of Lichfield tipped in; and Thomas Wade, *The Jew of Arragon; or, the Hebrew Queen: A Tragedy*, London, 1830, in the original printed wrappers, and with an autograph letter from the author's son-in-law, W. J. Linton, regarding Wade's writings, laid in.

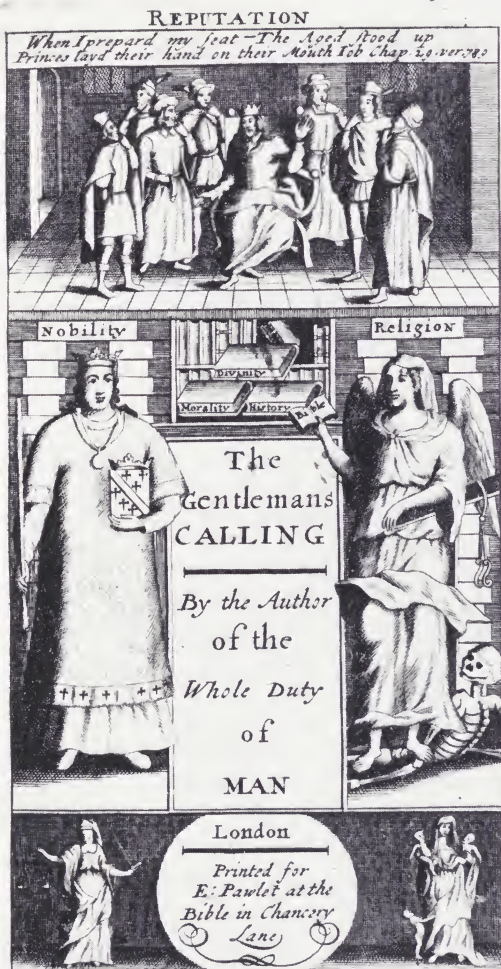
Boardman gift. Eighty-two works primarily in the fields of publishing and printing have been donated by Mr. Fon W. Boardman, Jr. (A.B., 1934), including John Dreyfus, *Bruce Rogers and American Typography*, New York, 1959, one of three hundred copies printed in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the American Branch of the Cambridge University Press; Horace Hart, *Notes on a Century of Typography at the University Press, Oxford, 1693-1794*, Oxford, 1970, with introduction and notes by Harry Carter; and Stanley Morison, *John Fell: The University Press and the "Fell" Types*, Oxford, 1967, one of one thousand copies printed on rag paper direct from the type cast in Fell's matrices.

Brown gift. Approximately seventeen thousand pieces have been added, as the gift of James Oliver Brown, to the collections of papers of his literary agency, as well as that of John Cushman Associates, Inc., the firm he acquired in 1978. Included are important files of letters from Herbert Gold, Lawrence Durrell, H. Montgomery Hyde, Doris Lessing, Mary Renault, C. P. Snow, Julian Symons, John Wain and Angus Wilson.

Bullard gift. Sir Edward Crisp Bullard has presented his research notes on the late Maurice Ewing, Professor of Geology, 1944-1974, and Director of the Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory, 1949-1972, which were the basis for Bullard's memoir published by The Royal Society and The National Academy of Sciences. Included are correspondence with Ewing's colleagues and family, corrected drafts of the memoir, photographs and reprints of Ewing's scientific papers.

Curtis Brown Ltd. gift. Approximately fifteen thousand contracts and letters have been received from the literary agency, Curtis Brown Ltd., for addition to its archive. Among them is an extensive file of 83 letters written by Robert Graves to Willis K. Wing from 1964 to 1972, relating to the English poet's writings and publications during the period, as well as four typewritten manuscript drafts, heavily corrected by Graves, of his introductions to *Old Soldiers Never Die* and *The Nazarene Gospels Restored*.

Grace, W. R., & Co. gift. On behalf of W. R. Grace & Co., the president Mr. Peter Grace has presented the papers of his grandfather, the founder of the firm, William Russell Grace (1832-1904), who also served as Mayor of New York, 1880-1882 and 1885-1886. Numbering approximately 32,000 items, the collection documents the rise of the Grace shipping business from 1864 until World War I and includes correspondence relating to all aspects of the shipping business in New York and South America, mining interests in Peru and Chile and transportation in Costa Rica and Nicaragua. In addition, there are letterbooks, corres-



Engraved title-page of the 1708 edition of one of the renowned English courtesy books. (Halsband gift)

pondence and scrapbooks concerning New York politics, banking and insurance, real estate interests and Catholic charities, including letters from Chester Arthur, John Jacob Astor, Andrew Carnegie, Grover Cleveland, Hamilton Fish, John Hay, Joseph Henry, J. Pierpont Morgan and H. H. Rogers.

Halsband gift. Professor Robert Halsband (A.M., 1936) has presented Richard Allestree's *The Gentleman's Calling*, London, 1708, one of the renowned courtesy books of the seventeenth century. The work has a handsome engraved title-page, and the copy is bound in a fine early eighteenth century English binding of full red morocco with gilt paneled sides on which gold lines and ornaments form a delicate geometrical pattern.

Henne gift. Six colorful examples of the publishing done by McLoughlin Brothers in the second half of the nineteenth century have been presented by Professor Emeritus Frances Henne: *The Diverting History of John Gilpin*; *Picture Fables*; *Aladdin or the Wonderful Lamp*; *Sing-a-Song of Sixpence*; *Story of Simple Simon*; and *The Three Little Kittens*.

Lamont, Corliss, gift. Inscribed first editions by Gilbert Cannan, Arthur Davison Ficke, Rockwell Kent, Christopher Morley and Robert Nichols are among the collection of books presented by Dr. Corliss Lamont (Ph.D., 1932). Of considerable importance in Dr. Lamont's gift are three major literary editions: Robert Burton, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, Oxford, 1624, the second edition but the first edition in folio format; John Locke, *Letters Concerning Toleration*, London, 1765, bound in contemporary red calf for Thomas Hollis; and Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*, Brooklyn, 1855, the first issue of the first edition, with the bookplate of William Bell Scott. Dr. Lamont also presented the first collected edition of the works of William Morris, published in London, 1910-1915, in twenty-four volumes, with introductions by May Morris, the daughter of the English poet and printer. The set is in pristine condition, bound in the original blue-grey boards

with canvas back, in the Kelmscott Press style. Also included with the set is the two-volume biography of Morris by J. W. Mackail, published in 1920.

Lamont, Helen, gift. Mrs. Helen Lamont has donated a group of five literary editions, among which are two handsome press books: Maurice Hewlett's translation of *The Iliad of Homer*, one of 750 numbered copies printed at the Cresset Press in London in 1928; and the Nonesuch Press edition of *The Works of Shakespeare: The Text of the First Folio with Quarto Variants and a Selection of Modern Readings*, London, 1929-1932, in 7 volumes. Edited by Herbert Farjeon and designed by Francis Meynell, the latter work was printed at the Cambridge University Press and published by Random House in New York.

Laughlin gift. Mrs. William K. Laughlin has donated a group of five literary editions, including Harry T. Peters's book on fox-hunting, *Just Hunting*, New York, 1935, handsomely illustrated by Betty Babcock, which includes a section, "Notes on An English Hunting Week," by Harvey Dow Gibson, in which he recounts his experiences with the well-known English packs.

Miner estate gift. The estate of Dwight Carroll Miner, (A.B., 1926; A.M., 1927; Ph.D., 1940) through the generosity and thoughtfulness of Mrs. Miner, has presented the late Columbia historian's papers, comprising the extensive files of correspondence, manuscripts, notes and printed materials relating to the history of Columbia University on which he had been working during the last thirty years. Included are papers of University Librarian Roger Howson, who had also done extensive research on Columbia's history, as well as correspondence with Frank D. Fackenthal, University Provost, and Philip M. Hayden, Secretary of the University.

Molz gift. Professor R. Kathleen Molz (D.L.S., 1976) has donated a first edition of Arthur Miller, *After the Fall*, New York, 1964, one of five hundred copies signed by the playwright.

Morris gift. A fine copy of an Elzevier Press pocket edition has been presented by Dr. Richard B. Morris, Gouverneur Morris Professor Emeritus of History (A.M., 1925; Ph.D., 1930; LL.D., 1976): *Laus Asini tertia parte auctior: cum alijs festivis opusculis*, Leiden, 1629. Written by Daniel Heinsius, one of the most renowned scholars of the Dutch Renaissance, the work is bound in full contemporary vellum, is in pristine condition, and has a handsome engraved title-page, a characteristic of the Elzevier publications.

O'Brien gift. Mrs. Justin O'Brien has presented two collected editions of literary writings which are of considerable importance for their research value: James Hogg, *Tales and Sketches By the Ettrick Shepherd*, London, 1837, 6 volumes, illustrated with engravings by D. O. Hill; and *The Works of M. de Voltaire*, London, 1762-1774, 39 volumes, translated and with notes by Tobias Smollett and others.

Parsons gift. The collection of Scottish literature has been further enriched through the recent gift by Professor Coleman O. Parsons (A.B., 1928) of 158 titles in 186 volumes, dating from the seventeenth through the twentieth centuries, and including first editions by Patrick Abercromby, James Beattie, John Buchan, George Crawford, R. B. Cunningham Graham, James Hogg, Eric Linklater, Andrew Lang, James Macpherson, Naomi Mitchison, Margaret Oliphant, William Sharp and Robert Louis Stevenson. Among the most important works in the gift is the first edition of Patrick Abercromby, *Martial Atchievements of the Scots Nation: An Account of the Lives, Characters and Memorable Actions of such Scotsmen as have Signaliz'd Themselves by the Sword at Home and Abroad*, published in two folio volumes in Edinburgh in 1711-1715.

Peterson gift. Miss Irene H. Peterson has presented for addition to the Harold Frederic Collection the copy of *English Lyrics*, published in London in 1885, which was once owned by the journalist

Yet more ! the billows and the depths have more !
 High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast !
 They hear not now the booming waters roar,
 The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave !
 Give back the true and brave !

Give back the lost and lovely ! those for whom
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long !
 The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
 And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song !
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
 But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown ;
 Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead !
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee !
 Restore the dead, thou sea !



Watercolor drawing by Harold Frederic, painted over the Felicia Hemans poem, "The Treasures of the Deep," in his copy of *English Lyrics*, London, 1885. (Peterson gift)

and novelist best known for *The Damnation of Theron Ware*. Frederic, who aspired to become a painter in his youth, has embellished this copy with eleven handsome and delicate watercolor drawings, several of them full-page, illustrating various poems in the anthology. The most impressive is a double-page blue watercolor drawing of the sea with a ship on the surface and mermaids in the depths illustrating, and actually painted over the text of, Felicia Hemans' poem, "The Treasures of the Deep."

Schreyer gift. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie J. Schreyer have donated a letter written by President Seth Low to the Rev. Sidney L. Gulick on January 8, 1896, relating to courses on religion given at Columbia College.

Scott gift. The copy of Captain Mayne Reid's *The Plant Hunters*, London, ca. 1920, which had belonged to Rockwell Kent, Jr., when he was a student in high school in Pawling, has been donated by Mr. Barry Scott for addition to the Kent Collection. The copy is signed by the artist's son on the inside front cover.

Walker gift. Mrs. Frank Walker has presented nine items of memorabilia relating to Frederick Coykendall (A.B., 1895; A.M., 1897), who served the University over several decades as a trustee, and the University Press as director and trustee. Included are manuscript copies of resolutions of the trustees of both the University and the Press made in his honor; as well as a resolution of the trustees, dated January 3, 1955, on his death, which was engrossed on vellum, signed by President Grayson Kirk, bound in full blue morocco and sent to his widow.

Women's National Book Association gift. The directors of the Women's National Book Association, Inc., have presented, for addition to its archive, an important four-page autograph letter by Constance Lindsay Skinner, novelist, poet and editor of the "Rivers of America" series. Writing to Owen Small on December 5, 1930, the author gives her views on various subjects, including

poetry and its appreciation, the writing of fiction and the settings for her books. Constance Skinner's contributions to publishing have been commemorated by the Association in its Skinner Award which has been presented to notable women writers and publishers during the past forty years.



Woodcut drawn by Rico Lebrun and cut by Leonard Baskin for the Gehenna Press edition of *Encantadas*. (Yavarkovsky gift)

Yavarkovsky gift. Mr. Jerome H. Yavarkovsky (M.S., 1971) has presented a pristine copy of one of the masterpieces of the Gehenna Press: the atlas folio edition of *Encantadas: Two Sketches from Herman Melville's Enchanted Isles*, issued in 1963 with six woodcuts of turtles drawn on cherry blocks by Rico Lebrun and cut by Leonard Baskin, the founder of the Press. One of 150 copies signed by the artist and the engraver, the work, issued loose in signatures, is enclosed in a morocco-backed slipcase.

Activities of the Friends

Fall Meeting. At the fall dinner meeting, held in the Rotunda of Low Memorial Library on Thursday evening, November 6, Frank MacShane, Professor in the School of the Arts, spoke on "John O'Hara, Raymond Chandler and the Writing of Biographies." University Librarian Patricia Battin presented the Libraries' Citation for Distinguished Service to Donald S. Klopfer. A Citation was also awarded posthumously to the late Ruth Ulmann Samuel. On view was "Fifty Treasures from Fifty Years," an exhibition in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the Rare Book and Manuscript Library.

Winter Meeting. A reception in the Low Library Rotunda on Thursday afternoon, February 5, 1981, will open an exhibition of first editions, manuscripts, portraits and memorabilia of Benjamin Disraeli. Commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of Disraeli's death, the exhibition will be drawn primarily from the recent gift made by William B. Liebmann.

Bancroft Dinner. The Bancroft Awards dinner will be held on Thursday evening, April 2, 1981.

Finances. For the twelve-month period which ended on June 30, 1980, the general purpose contributions totaled \$23,667, and the special purpose gifts, \$48,688. The Friends also donated and bequeathed books and manuscripts having an appraised value of \$199,391, bringing the total of all gifts and contributions since the establishment of the association in 1951 to \$3,108,745. A transfer of \$10,000 from the operating account enabled the Friends Fund to reach the goal, set in 1966, of an endowment of \$100,000.

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